

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT POSTPONED TO FEBRUARY 17TH

PHILHARMONIC ON FEBRUARY 17TH

Illness of Director Postpones Concert for a Week

The Philharmonic Concert, originally planned for this Friday evening, had unfortunately to be postponed till the 17th of this month. The director of the society, Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, was confined to her home because of 'flu' last week. However, she is again active in her talented direction of the Philharmonic and the concert next Friday will undoubtedly be a popular success. Mrs. Carmichael has just had the distinction of being the first woman to conduct a Symphony Orchestra in Canada, having lately been appointed conductor of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra.

It will be remembered that Miss Erma Browncombe, of Calgary, is to be the guest artist for the concert. Miss Browncombe, who is a dramatic soprano of considerable repute, will be accompanied by Mr. Henry Atack, organist and choirmaster of Robertson United Church.

VARSITY RECEIVES VALUABLE GRANT

Two Thousand Authentic Reproductions of Famous Paintings Given to University

The University has been the recipient of a gift of photographic reproductions of pictures in private collections and public galleries all over the world. The College Art Association under the auspices of the Carnegie Trust made this presentation in an endeavour to promote an appreciation of Art.

The collection is comprised of about two thousand prints of various sizes, many beautifully colored, illustrating all periods and phases of painting, sculpture and architecture. The group on exhibition in the Arts Building amply demonstrates the excellence and comprehensiveness of this gift. From time to time other groups will be shown until every student has had an opportunity to see this interesting collection. A filing cabinet is being prepared in the Architectural Department, where the prints may be kept for reference.

The students are urged to take advantage of this opportunity to

NOTICE

All clubs, teams, executives, or other student groups (exclusive of the Spring Play and C. O. T. C.) desiring pictures in the Year Book are warned that these pictures are now due—many of them overdue—and must be handed in not later than Feb. 20. All write-ups with the two sole exceptions above mentioned must be handed in before Feb. 25.

SCIENCE LOSES TO MEDS IN B LEAGUE

Medicos Take B League Championship 6-4

A near-capacity crowd of three faced the wrath of the elements and turned up at Doc Webster's ice palace Tuesday night to watch the B League playoff game, which ended in a 3-3 tie. These faithful followers of the B League were rewarded in two ways—they saw a good hockey game and had the price of their admissions returned to them when two acted as goal judges and the third became the official timekeeper.

The Meds had a 2-goal advantage as a result of a previous game. However, the Science squad was determined to wipe out this lead, and they tried their best to do it. They were rewarded for their aggressive play midway through the first period when McPherson scored on a hard shot from close range. Shortly after this McPherson tied the score when he stick-handled through the whole Science team and lifted a hard shot past Goalie Meyers. Willis put the Science team one up when he scored from the corner just at the close of the period.

The second period opened fast with the Science machine back-checking on all "six," but lack of subs was slowing them down. The play raced from end to end, and half of the period was gone when Fish tied the score on Nicol's rebound. A few minutes later Yoachim put the Meds one up when he beat Meyers with a hard shot to the corner of the net.

In the third period Science forced the play, and Dalmore tied the score a few minutes before the bell.

The lineups:

Science—Goal, Meyers; defence, Willis, Woznow; forwards, Foster, McPherson, Dalmore.

Meds—Goal, Badger; defence, Nicol, Cawker; forwards, Bradley, Yoachim, McAdam, Downey, Fish, Lee.

CONCERT DIRECTOR



MRS. J. B. CARMICHAEL

Philharmonic director, who has lately been appointed conductor of Edmonton Symphony Orchestra.

NOTICE

Early in March the Hart House String Quartet will appear in recital at Convocation Hall, under the auspices of the University Musical Club. A definite date will be announced in the near future.

study authentic reproductions of the Great Masters as well as the many interesting and unusual pictures not to be seen outside of private collections.

Besides these prints, a handsome case of textile specimens has been included, and a hundred facsimile reproductions of drawings by artists in all ages. A consignment is expected shortly which will show specimens of various artistic processes such as etching, lithography, colored wood-block printing and engravings of different sorts.

Ed. Note.—As the exhibition progresses The Gateway will endeavour to publish biographical notes and interpretations of the prints, to assist the students to realize to the fullest the opportunity presented by this gift.

NEW ATTITUDE TO WAR REPARATIONS

Bierwagen Addresses International Relations Club on Affairs in 1932

On Monday evening, Feb. 6, Mr. Arthur Bierwagen addressed the International Relations Club in the library of St. Stephen's College. Mr. Bierwagen's subject was International Affairs in 1932. Since this is a very wide field, the speaker confined his remarks chiefly to three questions: Disarmament, Reparations and the Danubian Situation.

After fourteen years Europe has at last seen that Germany is unable to pay the reparations demanded by the Treaty of Versailles. The European nations insist that war debts and reparations are inextricably intertwined. United States insists they are two separate questions. The former consider it only fair that they should be forgiven their war debts in United States if they forgive the defeated powers the amount due as reparations. But whether or not the United States meets this view, the death knell of reparations has sounded.

In dealing with the question of disarmament at Geneva, the chief advance was made in the improvement of attitude toward the problem. The stress was laid on the reduction of armaments rather than on the limitation of armaments. Although one might wish that more tangible results had been achieved, still the atmosphere of good feeling which pervaded the Conference is hopeful. The speaker felt that should these difficult times of economic stress continue, we might hope for a real advance in the near future.

When dealing with the Danubian situation, Mr. Bierwagen sketched the position of the old Hapsburg Empire as an economic unit. Goods passed freely from one part of the Empire to another. At the close of the war new states were carved out in the Balkans. Immediately, due to intense nationalism, tariff barriers were built high around every country. All suffered as a result. With the economic crisis adding to their difficulties, their plight is well-nigh desperate. There was in 1932 an attempt made to form an economic union of all the Danubian countries, but jealousies and fear of anything that might appear like a revival of the old Dual Monarchy prevented anything being accomplished.

The members of the club expressed to Mr. Bierwagen their keen appreciation of his clear and forceful paper.

Railroad Man Discusses Duff Commission Report

COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE RAILROAD PROBLEM AND SECURE RELIEF FROM BURDENSOME SITUATION—AMALGAMATION CONSIDERED

Mr. Chown, Superintendent of the Edmonton Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, addressed a group of students in the Rainbow Room of the Tuck Shop on the Report of the Duff Commission.

Mr. Manning introduced the speaker, who discussed and explained the Report, now so much before the public eye.

The report is signed by all seven commissioners, who state that, in arriving at their conclusions and making their recommendations, they have endeavoured to eliminate any considerations as to what might, in theory, be the best course to pursue under other circumstances and in other countries, and to base their judgment solely on what in their view is best for the people of Canada.

The main problem before the Commission was to secure relief to Canada from the heavy burden arising out of the railway situation. The principal contributory causes of the transportation problem are held to have been:

1. The over-development of railways beyond the immediate needs of the country.

2. Aggressive and uncontrolled competition between two nation-wide railway enterprises, a competition the more disastrous in that one of the competitors was publicly-owned and supported by the full resources of the Dominion.

3. The reactions of the world trade depression, which began in 1929 and has progressively increased in its severity with each succeeding year.

4. Competition from other forms of transport, notably road transport.

5. Inelasticity of freight rates and railway practice generally, which prevents prompt action in the meeting of falling revenues and dealing effectively with competition from other forms of transport.

6. Contractual arrangements with labor organizations which set up a rigid wage scale, and inflexible labor practices generally.

7. The special disabilities of the Canadian National Railways due to: (a) Assumption, through government action, of liabilities of insolvent railway systems for reasons of national credit; (b) large capital expenditures for improvement of physical condition of absorbed systems; (c) political and community pressure on the management arising out of direct government control.

For the solution of the problem a number of plans were considered, including complete amalgamation of the two systems under either public or private ownership. Whatever the merits or demerits of this proposal, the Commission holds that neither complete public nor complete private ownership would be possible at this time. It is the Commission's view that to establish a monopoly of such magnitude and importance would place in the hands of those responsible for the administration of the system powers that would, if not properly exercised, prejudice the interests of the

interests of a whole. It had also been suggested that the Canadian National Railways should be leased to the Canadian Pacific Railway, either in perpetuity or for such a period as would afford an opportunity to effect substantial economies. The Commission felt that notwithstanding safeguards, such an arrangement would result in the establishment of a monopoly.

Certain main considerations were held to be necessary to a practicable solution: (1) The identity of the two railway systems should be maintained; (2) the management of the national railways should be emancipated from political interference and community pressure; (3) machinery should be provided for co-operation between the two systems, for the elimination of duplicate services and facilities and the avoidance of extravagances, for the attainment of a scale of economies which will bring the burdens of the National system within reasonable dimensions, and effectively check extravagant and costly operation, and provide reasonable protection for the Canadian Pacific Railway against arbitrary action by the Canadian National Railways, which might unfairly prejudice the interests of the former.

To this end the Commission recommended a plan involving the appointment by the Governor-in-Council of three trustees, in whom shall be vested all the powers of the present board of directors of the Canadian National Railways. Senators and members of the House of Commons, and persons holding or having within five years held office or place of profit under the Crown in the right of the Dominion or one of the provinces, are recommended to be disqualified for appointment. Vacancies among the trustees should be filled from a panel of eight named by the remaining trustees.

One of the trustees should be named as chairman, at the date of his appointment, with tenure of office of seven years. All trustees should be eligible for re-election. All should be persons of proved business skill and capacity. The chairman, in particular, should have financial, administrative and executive ability of a high order. On the points of integrity and ability involved in these qualifications, there should be no possibility of doubt in the case of any appointee. The chairman should give

Alberta Graduates Assist School for Unemployed

UNUSUAL INTEREST ON THE PART OF STUDENTS REPAYS EFFORTS EXPENDED IN ORGANIZATION

During the past week a school for the unemployed has been organized in Edmonton, under the auspices of the Alumni Association of the University. Before the building had been secured there was a registration of some four hundred pupils.

Under the guidance of a committee comprising Dr. Wallace, Mr. Smith, Mr. Cook and Rev. Willette, the school has made great headway. The upstairs of the old Hudson Bay barn was secured as a schoolroom, and five unemployed carpenters worked for five days fitting the place out with benches and tables. The blackboards were made by the pupils themselves, and the schoolroom was decorated by Union Jacks loaned by the Government of Alberta.

The school is staffed by excellent teachers, who give their services free. They work in shifts, and thus a variety of courses are offered. The staff at present consists of Miss Robbins, who is a University graduate; Miss Kirtle, Miss Carmichael, Miss Keir, Mr. Coote, Mr. Higgins, and Miss Cooney. The director is Mr. Huxley, another graduate of our University.

The school offers a class in drafting, taught by Mr. Higgins, besides the usual public and high school subjects, and arrangements are under way to start a class in electricity. An unusual feature of the school is a class in prospecting. This has been organized by the men themselves, and lectures are given from among the members of the class and by men

prominent in mining circles.

There are also simple English classes, which are divided into three grades, A, B and C, according to the ability of the students.

The hours for classes are from 10 to 12 in the mornings and from 2 to 4 in the afternoons, and the attendance is fairly regular, except on the mornings when relief tickets are issued.

The school is purely voluntary—services are given free, pupils are not checked on attendance. Fuel and light are supplied free. Yet under the obvious disadvantages of this system, things move smoothly and with little difficulty.

Mr. Huxley, the director, said in an interview: "The men are very orderly. We have had no trouble so far, nor do we expect to have any. They come in the morning and generally stay here all day. I allow them to smoke at noon, and they are quite welcome to make their home here during the day."

"The honesty of the men is amazing. Of course that is to be expected, since only the better class of men is ambitious enough to come. Our big difficulty is in securing teachers for all the subjects that are demanded. For instance, we have two students here who are interested in essay writing. I instruct them personally, but I have not enough time to go into it thoroughly. However, I think the scheme will succeed."

OBITUARY

The death of the Reverend Brother Francis, F.S.C., B.Paed., came as a sad blow to his many friends and academic acquaintances.

Brother Francis came to St. Joseph's College in 1929, and has since shown an active interest in University activities.

He was musical director of the Glee Club during 1929-'30, and during this term also founded and promoted the De La Salle Club.

He taught Christian Apologetics during 1931-'32, and from this term up to the present time.

He will long be remembered for his genial personality, his sound judgment and his good comradeship.

WAS A CUP—NOT EGGS

President of Students' Union Receives Strange Parcel

'Twas nearing the zero hour in The Gateway office, the famished scribes being about to go over the top and away for the cherished nose-bag, when suddenly a horrified ejaculation of "Eggs" pierced the crowded room. All eyes, glued to the door, beheld Arthur, our debonair president, parading in with a packing case perched high on his towering dome. Despite its firm foundation, the box seemed woefully glum and decrepit looking down on sheepish Arthur.

"Our startled editor, with a hoarse question, who only replied with another sheepish grin. However, he seemed as bewildered as our freshest cub, so what could she do?

The box was deposited on the floor; X marking the spot, outside the rail. Even Chuck roused himself from his customary lethargy enough to half rise from his chair in idle curiosity, before returning to his interrupted snooze. (He was trying to decipher MacKenzie's writing.) Arthur had, it seemed, been informed that a box was awaiting him in the past, and gluttonously anticipating good things from home, hurried down—to return with this.

Speculation was rampant, but no satisfactory theory could be advanced to explain either the box or its contents. Appearances strongly indicated a case of eggs, and the recipient of the gift was plainly worried. Finally, to make a long story worse, curiosity overcame good manners, and the case was opened then and there.

First some brown paper was taken out, then some white and again some brown. This kept up for so long that all were certain the whole thing was but another horse. Yet who would send it all the way from Saskatoon? That costs money! So the suspended excavations were renewed, and at last, snuggled amidst cozy Saskatoon Phoenixes, a silver stein appeared. Closer observation revealed it to be the famous McGoum trophy which our debaters have just won.

P.S.—To time of printing, the case (now empty) still reposes in the centre of The Gateway office; X marking the spot, outside the rail.

P.P.S.—Arthur has the cup.

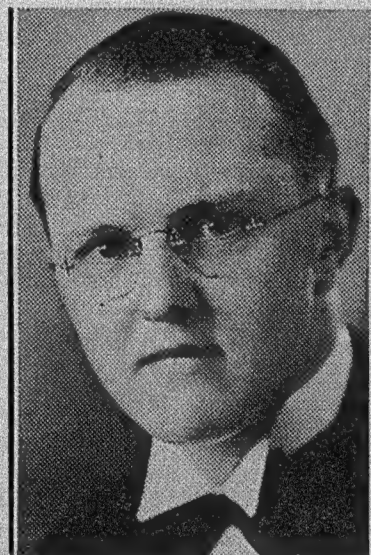
his whole time to the duties of his office. All trustees should be paid adequately, the chairman should receive a salary commensurate with the high responsibility with which he is charged, and the special qualifications he must be assumed to possess.

The annual budget of the railway should be under the control of the trustees. Amounts required for income deficits, including interest on railway obligations, for capital and for refunding, should be first submitted to the Treasury Board for its approval and presentation to Parliament by the Minister of Finance.

Since the debt of the system in

(Continued on Page 6)

ACCOMPANIST



HENRY ATACK
Organist and choir leader of Robertson Church, who will accompany Miss Erma Browncombe in Philharmonic Concert next Friday.

INTEREST FOCUSED ON WORLD AFFAIRS

International Week Brings Prominent Speakers on World Problems

In student circles in universities all over the world, the week of February the 19th is being observed as "International Week," when students of every race and nationality are called to throw off their cloaks of indifference and provincialism and take a look at each other as members of a universal constituency.

This observance has been instituted now some years, and is in the nature of a focussing of interest on world problems, and the relation of students to them. Students here will recall meetings of previous years when Abdullah Yusef Ali spoke on the Religions of India, and when students of various nationalities presented the viewpoints of their respective countries—as they saw them—at an International Forum.

This year the week should be even more significant. Since this time last year there has been an increased interest taken on the campus in economic and political affairs. The pressure of "things as they are" has had its effect in helping to create such an interest which has expressed itself by the formation of such organizations as the Political Science Club, and in the subject matter of discussions in other groups. The realization of the fact that the solution of this problem can be achieved only through international action is becoming more apparent to a larger group of students. Undoubtedly the inclusion in the curriculum of a course in Modern World History, and the growth of the Carnegie International Relations Club has helped considerably to promote this understanding.

But most of us are not aware of filling any particular place in this world which we are studying (and, quite incidentally, haven't much hope of doing so when we graduate). Yet logically, the universities of the world should form an important constituency in the total social order. Students of European and Oriental countries have certainly made themselves felt in the political and social life of their nations—and in so doing have aroused much adverse criticism and applause. To date, Canadian and American students haven't aroused much of anything—not even themselves, some critics would say. Which is right? What attitude most nearly expresses the function of a university? Are we justified in maintaining this disinterested calm, or is it merely a hiding place for indifferent and lazy individuals?

Surely between the violent expression of nationalism on the part of the European student and the complete apathetic indifference of the Canadian student, there must be a position of sane constructiveness which is in harmony with the fundamental purpose of the University.

It is with this phase of internationalism that the meetings of Feb. 19th week will attempt to deal, namely: "The Student in International Affairs." The subject will be dealt with by prominent students and leaders on the campus who are qualified to present the issues.

The series will include a Sunday Service in Convocation Hall on Feb. 19th, which is the Universal Day of Prayer for Students. The theme to be followed will be similar to that used in the other universities in Canada and other countries. An International Tea with exhibits of national costumes and handicrafts as a part of its program, will bring the week to a close.

NUMBER CONCEPT SUBJECT OF TALK

Math Club Hears Mr. Pasternack in Instructive Paper

The 101st meeting of the Math Club was held in Room 236 Arts, Tuesday, February 7th. In spite of, or because of, objections raised by various members of the club, the "more or less" truthful account of the 100th meeting was declared "more or less adopted as read."

Following this preliminary skirmish, Mr. S. Pasternack gave a very delightful and instructive paper on "Extensions of the Number Concept." The steady growth of Number Concept was emphasized. Beginning with the positive integers the fundamental operations of addition and multiplication, with their respective laws, were developed, showing the relation between the various systems. A striving for generality and elimination of exceptions were the main reasons for the extensions of the number concept. Each new system includes all the previous systems as special cases, though some of the laws of the previous systems are generally sacrificed. Extensions beyond the Complex Numbers were briefly touched on, such as Quaternions, Hyper-Complex Numbers, Vectors, Tensors, etc. Many of these systems have been developed because of their use in Modern Physics.



THE GATEWAY

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EXTENSION OF POINTS

The Students' Union Council has been discussing the Point System Act. Especially has the interest centred about the custom of extending the maximum points allowed.

According to the Students' Union Constitution, a certain number of points are allotted to each executive position in the Union, this number presumably depending on the responsibilities, duties and qualifications incident to the position in question. But in order to curb the apparently unlimited zeal of a few students who would do all the work, and to prevent the possible neglect of their academic education by these zealous individuals, and to give more students experience in executive duties, in extra-curricular activities, a maximum has been set: 30 points for a Freshman, 40 for a Sophomore, 50 for a Junior, and 60 for a Senior.

The advisability of such a restriction is self-evident, but those drawing up the constitution have thoughtfully left a very large loophole: Any Council at its discretion may grant an unlimited extension of points to a deserving student. The natural result is that the Council, with very few exceptions, have granted extensions to anyone applying for the privilege. Usually the business of such an extension is left until nearly Christmas, an by that time most of the student offices are filled, and the refusal to grant extension will upset some organization or other, and so, to avoid disruption, the spirit of the Point System Act is renounced.

Recognizing the difficulty when applications for extension were presented, the Council recently passed a motion compelling all students to apply for extension of points before they took office, and thus give the Council the opportunity of rejecting their application without harming any organization in which they have a position.

In this way the system of maximum points will be made of some use, and the privilege of extension will be an unusual grant as it was first intended to be.

STUDENT ALLEGIANCE IN SPORTS

There has been much discussion about University students playing for "overtown" teams. Attention has been drawn to the matter because a University student, Mr. Arthur McConkey, has been playing for one of the Y.M.C.A. basketball teams which is entered in the same league as the University basketball seniors, and so he is in opposition to his Alma Mater.

A ruling of the Men's Amateur Athletic Association forbids that University students may become a member of any team playing against their University. Few students seem to realize the importance of this. It means that on entering the University their allegiances in sports are automatically transferred, and that their athletic status incorporates a first loyalty to their University.

In "overtown" athletic circles the attitude seems to be that this ruling is unfair; to their teams and to the athletes concerned. We understand that the University position is considered unsportsmanlike because of the advantage gained by them in such a ruling.

But apparently the other side of the question has not been fully considered. The University teams are a necessity in the leagues because there are few teams competing in each branch of sport that in the event of the withdrawal of only one of these, the leagues are broken up. If the University has to stand the loss of the support of all the "overtown student" athletes, (and that is the probable result if this ruling is cancelled), then any student team that could be placed in the field would, in most cases, be not worth while. The University teams, as a rule, already suffer under many handicaps unknown to the city teams. This can be verified by a glance at the history of University teams, whose status, barring a few brilliant exceptions, has been extremely low.

The University has not the numbers from which to draw its athletes that the city has; and those players who do make the teams have not the advantage of association over a long period of time, as have the "overtown" athletes; each year graduation takes a large toll of the best players, which means that the teams have to be re-made annually; coaching is another difficulty, for student coaches often last only a year, graduation terminating their tenure of office, and a whole new system of playing must be learned the next year by the few "old" players that will be returning; in any line of sport that starts early in the fall, such as rugby or track, the students are unable to get pre-season training to any extent, and this, of course, diminishes their opportunities of sending out winning teams. Objection may be taken to the student attitude of the necessity for winning teams, but investigation reveals financial stress and strain, and likely a loss of morale, in the case of "cellar teams." To make the game worth while there must be the assumption on the part of both teams of at least a chance to win. A "cellar position" is not conducive to good fun, financial stability or improvement in athletic prowess.

And so because of their many handicaps which already tend to pull down the standing of the student teams, they claim this one advantage: that the members of their student body do not play against them. It is not much to ask for the support and loyalty of those of their own organization. A student, on entering the University, severs his connection with many things for the time of his attendance, and sports should be no exception. His loyalties are to his Alma Mater.



Youth

Our mariners in days of yore
Were hearty men, and drank and swore
Full chested oaths, without repeating,
Not like our modern type of bleating,
Which gradually has come to be
Mere phonographic blasphemy.
Today there is a signal lack
Of those who have the happy knack
Of cursing in the fluent phrase,
So typical of former days.
Youth has no use for any code,
Of conduct, and so any mode
Of living that has gone before
They think is rotten to the core:
As such should then be relegated
With other things, as antiquated.
Poor Modern Youth, with no Respect
For God Church, man or intellect.

TEE WEE.

The Gateway Murders Mystery

By T. O. W. H.
Cast:

The Butler Played by Edwards
The tender Furnace Tender.....Edwards
Black Beauty.....Harold Turner's Moustache
The Pest, a lop-eared corpse.....E. G. Archer
The Love Interest.....Arthur (Sex Appeal) Stinson
The Mysterious Strangers.....Two Woman Haters
Just a Passing Pansy.....Little Herman Hayes

ACT I—Scene 1

The scene is laid in Art Stinson's Roadster. The animals enter two by two. Stinson stands and watches the animals enter two by two.

Stinson (counting the animals entering two by two): Two, Two Two.

Animals (entering two by two): Two by two, We go marching through.

A scratching noise is heard, and E. G. Archer is discovered in the rumble seat writing a letter to The Gateway about the price of Prom tickets.

Stinson: Do you like simple things?

Mugdalena (Muggs) Polley (blushing furiously): Oh, this is so sudden.

(Art kisses her.)

Muggs Stop, my lips are for another.

Art: O.K. Keep quiet and you'll get another.

Curtain.

Scene 2.

(The scene is the same. Darkness has fallen, and so has Stinson, apparently, for noises are heard from under the car.)

Lois Hammond: Did you ever kiss a girl who didn't want to be kissed?

Art: I never met one.

E. G. Archer (from rumble seat): Should you say, "The Junior Executive is a lousy collection of worms" or "The Junior Executive are a lousy collection of worms"?

(An ear-splitting shriek is heard and a ragged and unkempt man enters from the left. He jumps in the air three times and gallops off to the right, doing a Spring Dance. He is stark mad. It is Ernie Ayre.)

Curtain.

ACT II.

The scene is The Gateway Office just before the dead-line. The place is in a turmoil. Marg Moore and Reg Moir are trying to throw out Mugdalena (Muggs) Polley, who is trying to explain that she is on the staff. The door opens and seven postmen come in, loaded down with mail.

Seven Postmen (in unison, chucking seven sacks over the counter): Here's this week's mail from E. G. Archer.

Marg Moore: Where's the rest of it?

(Voices are heard from underneath the Editor's desk.)

Art Stinson: Do you mind if I kiss you?

Mary Sutherland: Would it be right?

Art: Well, I'll do my best.

Curtain.

Scene 4.

(Two men are alone in a stuffy, dark, dismal room. It is A111. One sits in a corner at a small table, writing by candle light. The other paces back and forth, thoughtfully. A cat stamps across the room.)

Shirley Scott: Did Art Stinson propose to you last night?

Flora Williams: Yes, and you've no idea what he proposed.

Ed Jordan (aside): How do you say "these eyes" in French?

The Man in the Black Hat (probably neither McIntosh nor Arnold): Ces yeux.

Ed (silently): Yeah! Sez me!

(From the table drawer come voices.)

Pat Brown: Dr. Smith left us a new baby yesterday.

Art Stinson: Yeah, we take from him too.

Prof. Morrison: Gee, you're sure good at engineering things.

Dean Willson: Yes, I seem to have a Faculty for it.

E. G. Archer (mumbling to himself as he gets up and goes out with a handful of letters): That oughta settle Glen Shortliffe and the Senior Basketball team.

Tomorrow I'll write a few about the Ladies' Hockey and the Tuck Shop.

Curtain.

ACT V.

Four men are sitting at a table, centre stage, thinking. E. G. Archer is stalking up and down, tearing his hair. He is furious.

Archer (furiously): I'm furious. Haven't you mugs thought up anything for me to write to The Gateway about, yet?

Arch-fiend: Well, you might complain about Riley and McCormick not doing better on their debating tour.

Art Stinson: What would you do if I should kiss you?

Jean Irving: I'd call father!

x x x

Jean: Sweet Daddy!

(Enter Larry Alexander.)

Larry (silently)

(Exit Larry Alexander.)
Art Stinson: I could dance like this forever.
Mary Smith: Don't say that—you're bound to improve.

Archer (suddenly): I have it! I'll pan the Ag Club for not charging enough for the Undergrad tickets.

(Putnam and Bentley, disguised as four Bolsheviks, enter through a trap-door in the floor, place a bomb under Archer and disappear. There is a loud explosion.)

Archer (disappearing through hole in roof): Bread! Give me bread!

The Curtain comes down with a roll.

FINIS.

John Hackney—Do you serve fish here?

Waiter—Sure, we cater to everybody.

While debating in Winnipeg, McCormick was constantly interrupted by a man shouting "Liar!" So he made this crushing reply:

"If the gentleman (probably not McIntosh) who persists in interrupting will be good enough to tell

us his name, instead of merely shouting out his calling, I am sure we shall all be pleased to make his acquaintance."

* * *

Prof. Walker (in Chem. class)—What is density? Munro Williamson—I can't describe it, but I can give you an illustration.

Prof. Walker—The illustration is good enough. Sit down.

* * *

Two commercial travellers were discussing the careless way in which trunks and suit-cases are handled by the railroads.

"I fooled them once," said one of them, reminiscently. "I labelled each of my bags, 'With Care—China!'"

"And did that have any effect?"

"Well, I don't know; you see, they sent the whole works off to Hong Kong."

* * *

Dr. Rowan (in Zoology lecture)—Name a parasite. Skiv Edwards—I, sir?

Dr. Rowan—Yes, I know; but name another.

CANDID COMMENT

By Ichabod

Congratulations are to be extended to Harry G. "Three-touch" Cooper for winning the men's singles city badminton title. And also to W. B. "Sammy" Ives, who was nosed out by Harry in the semi-finals. The showing of these lads reflects very creditably on our Badminton Club. May we also congratulate Betty Farquharson for winning out in the mixed doubles event. Have we got champions? Or have we?

The Undergrad dance has come and gone. It will be remembered for some time, both from a social and a financial point of view. Formal dances can be put on for \$1.50.

While we are on the subject of dances, it may be as well to make some further observations. After all, this column must "pan" someone every week. The supper at formal dances is the largest item in the cost of that dance—too large an item, if asked to supply one of our dances with refreshments, would do it for less than two-thirds the amount that the University kitchens charge. In order to avail themselves of the lower catering rates overtown student clubs have held their dances and banquets there. It is the desire of the faculty to have the students bring these functions back to the campus. But the excessive catering charge stands in the way!

The Students' Council met last Thursday afternoon and passed legislation with regard to the extension of point awards. They have wisely decided to enforce the Act more strictly. Students need to be reminded of the existence of this Act. It saves them from themselves. The holding of Students' Union positions is of benefit to those who hold them. It is an education in itself. But, at the same time, it takes times—too much time—if one is railroaded into positions, and such is only too often the case. It is a well-known fact that about 50 students run the Students' Union. You must admit that this is a very small number. It has been charged that the Union is run by a clique. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is only that these persons are the only ones who have the sense of responsibility and the interest to accept positions in the Union. Since there are so few, a limit has been set to the number of positions a person may occupy. The Point System Act does this for us. How many students have read this Act? Ten? More than I expected.

May one digress for a moment and say a few words of the outside world. Indeed, I think we say only too little of it. Followers of sport will be sorry to learn of the dismantling of the incomparable Les Canadian hockey team. This team won the Stanley Cup, emblematic of the world championship, the last two years, but is now in the place in the league. It is evident that it needs new blood, but at the same time one feels a tug at the old heart when one sees the old "Flying Frenchmen" being disbanded. There is some consolation, however. All the lads are not going away. Harvie Morenz and a few other stalwarts will still be there. Here's luck to them.

The writer was rather disappointed in the last Open Forum debate. Dutch treat was chewed on last year, and it is an inane topic at best. How would it be if we debated on some phase or phases of student government? Or at least on a more noble question than mere dutch treat. What do you get out of it anyway? Probably one free bun.

We see that the co-eds have branched out and started a women's corner. Here's to them. Nice work, Polley.

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—and Smile

gence, it would have accomplished something. We shall act wisely if we judge it by its fruits.

There is need for intelligent consideration of the Oxford Movement. —Argosy Weekly.

Absent-Minded Prof Asks Photo on Notebook to Identify Student

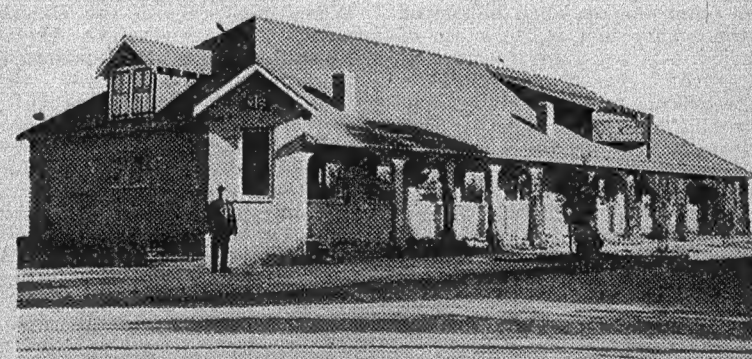
Evanston, Ill.—Students' photographs will be as necessary as notebooks hereafter in Professor Baker Brownell's class in Contemporary Thought at Northwestern University. "I cannot remember students' names," Professor Brownell explained. "So when I grade their notebooks I'll look at the photograph and tell who's who."—Daily Kansan.

"Do you see any change in me?" "No, why?" "I just swallowed fifteen cents."—The Hornet.

Sullivan—Do you realize we are facing the exams?

Baldy—I don't mind facing them; it's writing them that has me worried. —Dalhousie Gazette.

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A SHORT SHORT STORY

RUSTIC HEROISM

By H. J.

In the early "eighteen forties" just before the repeal of the English corn laws, the quiet little village of S— gently slumbered away its peaceful life. The Deben rippled its winding way through Suffolk to the sea; unconcerned with the simple-hearted villagers that occupied its banks. Should we observe the rustic life of these peasants we might be prone to think that they had no worries or responsibilities, but we cannot know what fears darkened their vision or what emotion swelled their breasts.

In this little village of S— lived a certain middle-aged cottager, John King by name. I see him now as I have often heard my grandfather tell. I see him standing, bareheaded, at his cottage door, one arm half extended to the door-post, his hair and beard ruffled by the cool evening breeze. His clothes are coarse, becoming to his work; grey patched shirt, corduroys, and heavy hob-nailed boots. He is well built, muscular and strong—the reward of sweat and toil—and somewhat taller than the average. The lines of his face reveal a stern, determined character—even harsh. He seems to have inherited the courage, boldness and daring of his remote ancestors, the Vikings, who settled there in days gone by. Yet do I see another trait portrayed on that stalwart visage—that of an honest, generous heart. The vision fades.

I have been told he worked as a farm laborer on the local estate to provide the necessities of life for a large family. He was paid ten shillings a week. At one time this small sum was sufficient to keep body and soul together, but there had been several seasons of poor crops, and England had passed laws preventing the importation of wheat until it reached eighty shillings a quarter. Subsequently flour rose in price until John King, and indeed thousands of others in similar circumstances, found it impossible to buy sufficient flour for their families. John did not know why flour was at such a price; he only knew his children were hungry. What could be the feelings of a hard-working man in such circumstances?

The morning dawned—bright, serene, beautiful. John sat on the doorstep, his head bowed almost to

his knees. He thought not of the glorious light or the twittering of the young swallows under the eaves of the thatch. He thought of his children.

"Hey, King, what are you doing there, wasting your time when you should be working," came a sharp voice.

John raised his eyes. His employer on horseback had drawn rein at the hedge. John slowly arose and made his way leisurely to the cottage gate, dragging his heavy boots on the ground. He rested his awkward hands on the gate, leaned forward a little, raised his eyes to the man on horseback, and said quietly:

"Sir, I've a wife and nine children, and my wages won't buy enough flour for them. If we must starve, I'm going to do it here at home with them—not at work."

Then he straightened himself with emotional effort, and violently tore open his shirt, exposing his capacious chest.

"Sir," he continued, indignantly, "I'd thank you to shoot me and my family."

The landowner spurred his horse and disappeared. John resumed his seat on the threshold.

In a short time the farm bailiff arrived, offered a raise in wages, and arranged to put the two eldest boys to work doing odd jobs. Sufficient flour could then be bought for family needs. In a few weeks' time John King also received a legacy of ten pounds from an aunt who had passed away. This was no small sum in those days, especially to country folk. He was then able to pay the miller's bill and buy a pig to fatten. His family could now have bread and meat, and he was able to give to the neighbors who had only bread and onions. Then, too, the corn laws were repealed and the crops improved, making cheaper flour.

Again I see John seated at his cottage door. His smiling, upturned face reveals the fervor of a grateful heart. His shining eyes are directed to the last ruddy glow of the setting sun, but seem to see it not. A refreshing breeze brings to him the sweetest odors of new-mown hay, and his limbs, wearied from the toilsome day, are strengthened. He thinks of the harvest.

SEZ ME

By F. P. Mac

There was an incongruity in that picture, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"—did anyone else notice it?

At the beginning of the picture a sub-title was flashed on the screen that said, or words to the effect, "This story is laid in a foreign country and does not represent any penal institutions in the British Empire." All of which seemed very unnecessary, and at the time not a little amusing; however, the audience applauded patriotically.

But as the picture went on—well, if you didn't see it, the story runs roughly thus: James Allen is arrested and sentenced to a Georgia chain-gang. The horrors and cruelty there are shown in detail; Allen finally escapes and makes his way to Chicago, where he rises to become a prominent and respected citizen. When the Georgia police finally find him and seek his extradition (which Illinois refuses to grant), Allen published his experiences in the prison and exposes the conditions there. Then Georgia offers to grant him a pardon if he will return and serve a term of ninety days for form's sake; they promise not to send him back to the chain-gang, but to give him clerical work to do. So, to clear himself, he returns, but neither promise is kept. He is sent back to the chain-gang, and the pardon fails to materialize. He eventually escapes again, and the picture ends with him still a hunted fugitive.

Now, the point I am trying to get at is this: in the picture the State of Georgia, that is, the Governor, the newspapers, etc., all declare the report of prison conditions, as given out by Allen are greatly exaggerated. In effect, "Such things don't happen in Georgia," is what they say.

And "Such things don't happen in the British Empire" is in effect what the aforementioned sub-title said. Now the picture demonstrated that such things did happen in Georgia, despite the indignation protests of the Governor and all concerned. (Don't bother telling me that a Hollywood movie is no proof that such conditions do or do not exist there; that is immaterial, for the story could be frankly fiction without affecting my point.) How can the movie censor of Alberta, or whoever ordered him to insert the title, be so certain that no such penal institutions exist in the British Empire? As a loyal British subject, of course, I naturally assume that they don't exist here. We of course don't do that sort of thing. But when I come down to it, do I actually know? No, of course I don't know. Nor, I am pretty sure, does the author of that title know so positively that there are no such prisons in the British Empire. Or even in Canada. (And incidentally, aren't tales now coming out about certain prisons in Ontario?)

The Georgians were sure that the chain-gangs weren't anything as horrible as people said they were. But the Georgians were wrong. Somebody like that—but does he know that he is sure that British prisons aren't as bad as he says? I mean does he know?

The institution of play-reading groups at the University this year has proved a successful experiment, and it is to be hoped will be extended next year. At present there are two groups flourishing, but next year should see more than that. There will be room for them.

I will be suspected of being Mr. Vernon Barford's press agent, for it wasn't long ago that I gave space to his talk on the Boy Chorister in the Athabasca Longe. And now here I am again, this time to say that you with radios are missing something if you haven't been listening to his series of talks every Sunday, on "The Development of Musical Instruments."

For Mr. Barford is such a charming and interesting speaker, and what he has to say is all new and interesting—and in addition, he illustrates his talk with music not only written in

(Continued on Page 6)

I HEREBY ISSUE SOLEMN WARNING!

Fools! Where is your laughter! What is so serious about life that makes your lips droop and your faces resemble a well known animal? Don't you realize that you are giving the depression "the glad hand!" For cheerfulness, the morgue can give us a good run; for pep, the hospital would run us a close second. Where are the Freshmen that should laugh and prattle around our senior knee? A listless plaint, a weary sigh is all I hear! Must we teach them how to play—must we squeak the teddy-bear to make them laugh? Fools! I admit the senior knee is possibly a bit bony—that we may be a bit awkward about punching teddy in the tummy; but if they will prattle, we will punch. That's a promise!

Don't you all see that something in this University is dying, slowly and in agony. It is not pretty to see us in our youth going about with dreary, lifeless masks—it's not decent! What under heaven will we be like ten years from now? I shudder to think of it! How often lately I have heard: "Poor Mary has the blues today." Right here and now I'll give "poor Mary" three sound remedies: castor oil, work, and the more expensive method that few of us can resort to other than on Saturday nights. Oh! I know that Mary may have a toothache or an inferiority complex, or a surplus of self-pity, or, worst of all, she may be in love. I've been there myself, and I recommend the castor oil (or dil pickles) in large and frequent doses until she is old enough to know better.

I'm no fellow poet to show you the joy in a dusk-blue sky or a breath-taking sky-line. I'd much rather look at a street-lamp with its beaming benignity. I can't explain as can the student that happy glow that comes from a problem well solved. I don't know the thrill that athletes in action feel—but the stimulus is there; why on earth don't you react! I think any philosopher will agree with me when I say: "Live for the moment; get the best out of it—make it sparkle."

Help! This sounds like a revivalist meeting. Well, after all, I think you have it coming to you. Some of you, I fear, are beyond reviving: the senior who cultivates boredom, the junior whose conceit is colossal, the officious sophomore, the regretful frosh. If you must weep, weep in some dark, secluded corner; if you must sigh, don't do it in Tuck; it cools the coffee. So "Smile, darn you, smile." Life isn't real—it is the dream of a god who had cheese for his celestial tea; it isn't earnest—it is the jest of a drunken devil. There is nothing to do about it but enjoy it, so let's go, fellows!

I'd dearly love to point out some sample smiles, but I suppose it isn't done! Suffice it to say that there is a piquant face with a gamin smile we all see every day—there is an Englishman with a delightful twinkle—a pair of tricky blue eyes belonging to a senior that have the same effect as a stiff cocktail. There are three professors that simply wreath smiles about both your ears. But that is enough; too much, I fear.

So I hereby issue solemn warning to shoot on sight—

- (1) Anyone with lips at an angle greater than one hundred and eighty degrees.
- (2) Draughty ones.
- (3) Pollyannas and "upright men."
- (4) Any person guessing the author of this sermon.

LOAFER.

SENIOR HOUSE ECCERS ENTERTAIN AT PARTY

Miss Mabel Patrick's home in Assiniboia was a pretty setting for bridge on Thursday evening, Feb. 2, when the Senior Household Economics class entertained the Juniors. Among those present were Miss Mabel Patrick, Miss Hazel McIntyre, Miss Grace Duggan, and Miss Margaret Doyle. The honors at bridge went to Miss Laurie Cornelle and Miss May Ackhurst.

CORRECTION: In last week's paper a misrepresentation of this event appeared. It is hoped that the above correction will suffice.

WAUNEITA BIRTHDAY BANQUET PLANNED

The Wauneita Executive put their heads together last night, and plans for the annual banquet forged ahead. March 7 is the date and, by the way, did you know that this was the twenty-first birthday of the Wauneita Society? Well, it is, which means, of course, that the banquet this year will be extra-special grand affair, with plenty of splendid surprises. You certainly will not be disappointed in the program or the decorations. The dining-room will only hold a limited number, and the only fear is that all who want to come will not be able to be seated. The cover charge is one dollar, which is included in the fees of paid-up members.

Hut Night, which is to be March 21, is also being planned. With such a long time for preparing it, a thoroughly enjoyable program should be ready for the soldiers.

And another thing, if you want a Wauneita pin, just sign one of the lists on the bulletin boards in the Arts or Med buildings.

The trouble with the Sherbrooke quartet is that they don't practice what they preach.—Xaverian.

"Whattaman" Prendergast informs us that the best way to sleep tight is to abolish a quart of gin before retiring.—Xaverian.

CO-ED COLUMNS

"Winter"

By L. W.

In the dreary depths of winter When the wind with mighty fury Howls across the frigid campus And the students, shivering, quaking, With blue lips and ruddy noses Dash across the icy surface From one snowdrift to another— When the coziness of blankets Warm and soothing fleecy blankets Tries to lure us from our lectures, From those bleak 8:30 classes— When the freshettes, chilled and frozen

Crawl into their little middies, Crawl into their baggy bloomers— And for hours and hours together Exercising every muscle, Every bone and every tendon, They do penance long and painful On the Gym floor hard and draughty. Then we say, "How sweet is summer. How we'd love to hear the birdsie Warbling in the leafy branches— How we yearn to see the sunbeams Dance once more upon the puddles." But the tempest still continues And the drifts are piling higher. We must leave the heated shelter, And plunge forth into the blizzard.

CO-ED SPORT

By "Twig Horton"

Ladies' hockey fans were delighted to see that the Hustlers only beat the Monarchs by 2-0. "Huh," they murmur, one to the other, "huh—we're not so bad. Our score was 2-1. Theirs is 2-0—huh!"

Don't think that the hockey girls are laying down their sticks and pucks and retiring for the remainder of the winter. On the contrary, their hearts and minds are filled with a whole new batch of dreams. Happily and confidently they are visualizing the laurels they are going to acquire next year. Come on, all you co-eds who have even the faintest shadow of an affection for hockey—come on out and practice for next year. Don't stay away because you can't skate. A good hockey stick lends marvellous spiritual (even physical, if necessary) support; or else we could train up a whole row of goalkeepers. Come on and try it anyway; come long enough to see how much fun it is. Practices are always announced on the bulletin board.

We heard that House League basketball was in full swing, so we decided to look it over. We made inquiries—and more inquiries—and then some more inquiries. Every person we asked assumed a vacant expression and referred us to someone else. We asked so many people the same question that we were hoarse and tired, so we decided that House League basketball was a myth. Anyone that can give us any information about it will be welcomed with open arms.

Our Senior basketball team isn't a myth, though. The girls showed wonderful improvement and real basketball form in their game on Wednesday night. The rate of their improvement may be gauged by a comparison of the score registered last week and the score this week. Last week (let's whisper it) they were faced with the heart-breaking figures of 64-14, and this week they changed it to 37-15. We're just waiting for next week now—it's going to be a good game.

Helen Ford and Doris Calhoun were doing particularly good work all through the game. Let's hope they can keep it up.

Badminton players have all been greatly interested in a tournament with a city club lately, so the U. of A. club has been quiet.

The girls who have been chosen to represent our University at the swimming meet in Saskatoon on February 18th, are Kay Swallow, Ruth Freeman, Evelyn Barnett and Betty Fox. These four would-be mermaids are all capable and determined. They have the best wishes and loyal support of all the land-lubbers who have to stay at home.

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SHOWING:
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JANET GAYNOR and
CHARLES FARRELL in
"TESS OF THE STORM
COUNTRY"

SHOWING:
Monday and Tuesday
STUART ERWIN in
"HE LEARNED ABOUT
WOMEN"

COMING
Wednesday and Thursday
RICHARD BARTHELMESSE in
"THE CABIN IN THE
COTTON"

St. Joseph's College Cafeteria

"The Campus Tuck"

Good Food Well Prepared

Although Lloyd Douglas' "Magnificent Obsession" came out some time ago, yet many of us have not had the opportunity to read it until recently. It is one of the most talked about novels that has been published in the last few years, perhaps because it make such a popular appeal to all classes of readers.

It is interesting for most of us, when we have read and perhaps loved a book, to hear what others, of no higher literary appreciation than ourselves, think about it. Of course, we could always look up the latest critique in the current literary publications, but some of us wouldn't be bothered, and anyway, the mature criticisms of experts is a thing to reverse rather than to use as a criterion of our more mediocre opinions. This week we are publishing a short review of the "Magnificent Obsession"—just what one co-ed on the campus thought after she had read it. Maybe you'll agree with it—maybe you won't. But we do think that if the women students respond, such an attempt will stimulate the literary interest in our paper.

THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

By F. M.

"It has frequently been said of this strange story that no one who has ever read it has ever been quite the same again."

These are the words on the paper cover of that most popular book, "Magnificent Obsession," and the reader naturally feels some excitement as he settles down to read what he hopes is "something different." Nor is he disappointed—"Magnificent Obsession" is different.

In this age of realism it seems that the most shameful thing a novelist can do is to neglect to examine and probe every harrowing and unpleasant detail which he can find. So many modern novels leave one with a feeling of nervous tension—with a sort of mental eye-strain from peering for a too long time into little dark corners, and peering into them with the slightly embarrassed feeling that one really had no right to be there at all.

Reading "Magnificent Obsession" is like leaving these stuffy little corners to take a brisk tramp to the open air. That is the book's appeal—the loftiness of the idea that runs through it, for it really is a "magnificent" obsession that it tells us about. It would be unfair to tell anyone who has not read the book just what the obsession is—the great

secret that changed the life of everyone who discovered it. Read the story yourself and share young Merrick's excitement as you decipher the mysterious journal with him.

Lloyd Douglas, the author, is a Canadian doctor. He has chosen surroundings with which he is familiar as a setting for his story. A medical aroma permeates the whole book. The characters are apt to break out at any time into discussions on skull-wounds, blood transfusions and the like; the most charming women in the story have qualities of good nurses—instinctively knowing how to bandage wounds and care for sick children and that sort of thing; the hero himself is a medical student who afterwards became a famous brain-surgeon.

There is a love story, but a rather tiresome and decidedly sentimental one. The author seems to be at his best when he is describing his obsession—for we cannot help but feel that it is something he himself has experienced.

Although the book is of no very great literary value—the style is clumsy and awkward at times—as long as the author keeps to his main theme there is a tremendous enthusiasm, sincerity and vitality through the book that brought it a well-earned popularity.

THE TAJ MAHAL BY MOONLIGHT

By M. M.

"Oh thou! whose great imperial mind could raise This splendid trophy to a woman's praise! If love or grief inspired the bold design, No mortal joy or sorrow equalled thine! Sleep on secure! this monument shall stand, When desolation's wing sweeps o'er the land, By time and death in one wide ruin hurled! The last triumphant wonder of the world."

The emerald beauty of a tropical night once more enfolded Agra in its hovering dusk, and the jewelled vault of heaven smiled down from an Indian sky, when I set out to enjoy one sight of the fairylike Taj Mahal and to behold its surpassing beauty.

At the red sandstone gateway I stood spellbound gazing on the lovely apparition. So gloriously pure did it appear that I dared not approach lest the charm be broken.

"Of Graces all doth none compare With thee thou fairest of the fair."

In silent wonder and admiration at this midnight hour I rendered my humble homage to the inspiring Taj. An eastern moon slowly rose, and hanging on the lowest branch of the ancient Senbhal tree, loitered there, and dropped its silver into softened shadows, pale and dim. Cool breezes playing lightly on the bosom of the Jumna were wafted over the garden wall, loaded with the aromatic odours of the jessamine, leaved, nargis, and the rose all at once, and perfuming the air with their delicate scent. High up in the celestial skies, the stars twinkled among the magical moonbeams, while low down upon the earth the fireflies with their fitful glimmer lit up the slumbering garden.

As the moon guided her chariot among the heavenly lights, shafts of opaline light fell softly over the crescent of the Taj, sinking into deep pools on her domes. Four tall minarets of dazzling white stood sentinel before that shrine of love. Fragrant zephyrs played among the cypress boughs, while the low sighing of the willow leaves told of the love that had not died.

In the midst of all this beauty and loveliness, my thought dwelt upon those ancient lovers, nor could I forget the queen,

NOTICE GRADUATING SENIORS

Class fees are now due and payable to any member of the executive. Arrangements must be made now to ensure the publication of your picture in the Year Book.

Buzz Fenerty.
Jean Morrison.
Kent Carruthers.
Beth Carruthers.
Brummy Aiello.
Dorothy Barnhouse.

Soph. Dorn to dentist—Please extract the square root of my abscessed tooth.—The Hornet.

CO-EDS LOSE TO GATEWAY IN GRUELLING GAME

Grizzlies Take Co-eds For Ride In Fast and Furious Game

NIB SLINGERS WIN THRILLING ENCOUNTER FROM SENIOR GIRLS 2-1

On Board Varsity Bus, February 9th, 1933. Dear Ted,—Talk about a hockey game! You should have seen what I just saw. The Gateway staff decided that it needed a pre-season practice before playing the regular hockey schedule. Thinking it advisable to start the year with a win, we asked the senior girls for a game, and of course they accepted.

Unfortunately I couldn't turn out in uniform. The Grizzlies (that's us) decided that we should have a man whose honesty was above question on the side-lines, and of course I was chosen.

Our side loosened up before the game, and it was soon apparent that few, if any, of our boys had seen a hockey stick since the heyday of their youth, and I began to worry. I forgot to tell you that I made a modest wager with one of their side (the co-eds) and that is why I got the job of timekeeper, so I could stop the game any time they looked dangerous by ringing the bell. As I said before, our fellows limbered up before the game. It was soon apparent that a tall lanky fellow called Bill Begg was devoid of any intelligence, that is, in a hockey way he wasn't, so we put him in goal. One of our fellows was goal judge behind Bill, so he could come around and handle anything that looked dangerous.

The referee was a local school marm. He threatened to spoil the game with too many penalties on our fellows, but we got wise to him and didn't pay much attention after a bit.

It was soon apparent that our boys were out for blood. One of our fellows called Cam Gillespie started it by charging the boards on the other side of the rink. He was put off for a two-minute penalty, but as we were pressed pretty hard at the time I gave him a different colored sweater, and he went right back on.

One of the plump co-eds sat on Tom Costigan, our feature editor and stellar forward. Tom tried to come up for air, but the referee didn't like

the look of his feet and put him off. I gave him Gillespie's old sweater (we were running short), but he was put right off again. I sent out for more sweaters.

Just about this time Reg Moir, who isn't really on The Gateway staff, but he had a bet too, so he played, grabbed the puck on the fifty-yard line and made a cross buck when he hit the co-ed defence (Skiw Edwards, a man who coaches their team, was on the girls' defence). Well, Reg ducked the right defence and recovered in time to miss the left defence (that's Skiv), and ushered the puck in behind the co-ed goalie.

One of our boys was goal judge at that end too, so he raised his hand. Soon after this we gave the girls a rest, and so that our goalie, Bill Bigg, could skate up the ice to the other goal and get warmed up. He was getting cold and stiff, and if the referee kept up putting our fellows look like we might need him.

Soon after the rest of the game started that same chap I was telling you about, Reg Moir I mean, got the puck again. He seemed to have forgot we changed ends or something. Oh! no, that wasn't it either. He collided with a heavy-set co-ed and spun around a couple or three times with the puck still on the end of his stick yet, only he let go of it at the wrong part of the spin.

It happened so sudden that the goal-judge didn't have time to reach over and grab it, and it was so darned obvious that even he was forced to admit it went in. Our one goal lead was cut in half, and it made me pretty sick.

Just about this time another of our boys, Pat Garrow, was being put off right along. He used up all the rest of our sweaters, and we were playing two men short regular. The co-eds didn't notice any difference from having Pat off. Then they went sort of wild, and all of them, ten I think it was, came on the ice. We took off all of Pat's sweaters and let him go on in whatever it was he had underneath.

Just then a girl forward, kind of a cute little kid, tripped Reg Moir, and of course Reg had to come off. Reg had a two-minute penalty, and he didn't know we only had that long left to play. While I was talking to him all my subs jumped over into the game and took our last hockey sticks along. I wanted to put him back on because we needed a score bad. I rang the bell, so Reg could get a stick. The referee thought I meant the game was over. They began to take the goals and Bill Begg off the ice so as to clear it for skating. Just then Skiv Edwards came up and offered to play five minutes more. Boy! What a relief!

Reg got a stick, but didn't score. It was a guy called Cooper or Pfrimmer that ran in the last goal. Both these guys were kicked off right after. All we had that could stay on the ice was a fellow called Talbot, but he was bashful.

Well, there isn't much to tell you except that the score was 2-1 with us scoring all the goals. We're going to play another bunch of women in a basketball game and a couple of more hockey games, so

Au revoir.

BORGALS BEDBUGS Versus FISH'S FRUMPS

Before a crowded arena Borgal's flashing Bedbugs completely demolished Fish's snorting Frumps. Bill Rooke, scintillating right winger of the Frumps, opened play with a magnificent squirt towards the opposing goal, but was frustrated by Bubbling Jimmy Blair. The crowd roared—the battle raged. Battling Benton Mackid and Handsome(?) Borgal, stellar Bedbug defence men, gallantly forced their way through to the opposing goal many times. Ferocious Fish starred for the Frumps. Leopard Lilge, Chocolate Cookie and Jasper Park also took part in the assault against the Frumps. Score 7-6. Casualties: Goalie Steves, one broken nose.

THE MIDWINTER

The Senior Class wish to announce the Midwinter as taking place on Friday, Feb. 24, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Cecil Lord's eight-piece orchestra has been secured, and all indications point to a very successful dance. In keeping with the times, the charge per couple is \$1.50. And most important of all—the Midwinter is the last open function of the year.

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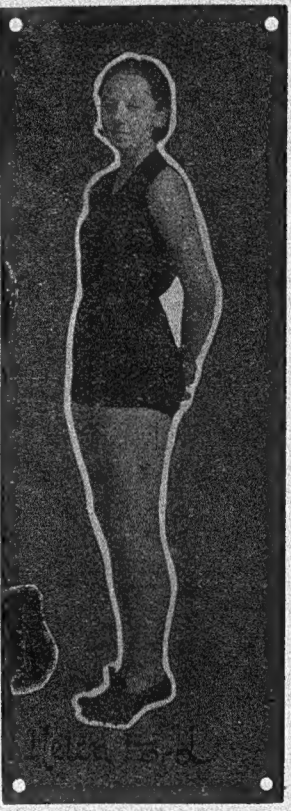
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VARSITY TO PLAY CALGARY MOOSE DOMERS FOR NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ALBERTA CHAMPIONSHIP

Varsity and Calgary Moose Domers hook up in a four-game series in the first week of March for the Northern and Central Alberta championship. They play two games here on the 3rd and 4th, and play the remaining two in Calgary. The schedule calls for the best three out of four, but in case of a tie, total points in the four-game series will count.

The winner of this play-off will meet the winner of the Southern Alberta League for the final. In case Varsity is the winner, the play-off will probably take place here during the last week of March.

FLASHY FORWARD



HELEN M. FORD

Showed stellar form in game against Gradettes.

UNIVERSITY PLAYER BADMINTON CHAMP.

"Red" Cooper Wins Men's Singles Championship for City

"Red" Cooper smashed his way to the men's singles badminton championship by a 17-15, 15-12 win over W. Wood in a match that was nip and tuck all the way. Cooper teamed up with Bradburn in the doubles, but was beaten by the more experienced team of Dyde and Hoar by a score of 15-12, 15-8.

SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

The controversy about students playing on overtown teams is over. In our humble opinion, anyone that refuses to play on a Varsity team isn't worth while fighting over anyway. In future anyone who considers his prestige in athletic circles overtown too great to be neglected will have to go elsewhere to attend lectures. It is interesting to speculate on what some of these students with an "overtown complex" will do when they have to leave their chosen "rut" and practice their professions in the "Russian Alps" or Timbuctu.

Even if Varsity did finish third in a three-team hockey league, the old saw about the "silver lining" still holds good. Coach Al Hall has rounded up a first-class lineup of hockey talent that just needs a little more practice to become a real contender for senior hockey honors. The defence of Al Hall, Ralph Maybank, Al Burgess and Jim Munn leaves little to be desired.

A forward line with Guy Kinnear and Jack McConnell in it is fit for the fastest company. Tommy Cornett and Pete Gordon have been improving every time out. Ken Ford and Cruickshanks showed more than average ability to manoeuvre a puck in their last-minute appearances. All that is lacking is a real good "play-maker" for the second string forward line and a little improvement in the passing game.

The senior league was a real fiasco so far as attendance was concerned this year. It was even rumoured that one of the overtown teams was going to quit because of bankruptcy. It was the two overtown teams that were in the league last season who killed the goose that laid the golden egg by moving their home games to the Arena. It has been proved conclusively that senior hockey as played during the past season cannot stand both junior and professional competition. Even with the Superiors back, it is doubtful if it could be put on a paying basis. It is to be hoped that the league executive will come to and play the whole schedule at Varsity rink again next year before the league dies a natural death.

Frosh—Why is a woman like an elephant?
Soph—Dandifino.
Frosh—They're both afraid of mice.—Queen's Journal.

"My dogs are cold."
"Let's go to the Grill and get some hot ones."
—The Hornet.

Nell—Was your husband flirting with all the good looking girls on your voyage to Europe, Genevieve?
G.—No, he was strictly on the urp and urp.
—The Hornet.

1/C—I told her that I was knee-deep in love with her.
2/C—Yes? What was her comeback?
1/C—She promised to keep me on her wading list.
—The Hornet.

SENIOR GIRLS LOSE TO GRADETTES 37-15

Varsity Out of Senior Provincial Basketball Playdowns

The Varsity senior girls' basketball team put up an infinitely improved exhibition of basketball last Wednesday evening. Their opponents were again the Gradettes, who are a tough, wiry little outfit with wizard-like passes, good checking and smooth playing throughout. With a few more good work-outs though, our girls will certainly measure up to them, and let us hope, surpass them.

During the first period the Gradettes were able to make only very little headway. Our girls kept right up with them in fact, the score just creeping up by occasional twos, and staying evenly divided. Varsity was checking smoothly and steadily, and getting in some excellent passes. Helen Ford and Doris Calhoun seemed to be all over the court all the time, and were working beautifully. Jo Kopta was working hard too, but seemed to be having trouble avoiding fouls. The score at the end of half-time was 19-13 in favor of the Gradettes, which is really an encouraging score.

Then with the beginning of the last half Varsity let down on their checking with heart-breaking results. The Gradettes seemed to be just getting warmed up, and did several minutes of excellent passing and shooting. Varsity was still doing quite a bit of fouling. The score at the end was 37-15 for the Gradettes. It isn't what we call an excellent score, but is certainly much better than last week's 64-14. Coach Parney expressed himself as being much pleased with the form displayed by the girls. He is confident that with more real games, they will make good.

Varsity's lineup was: Cal Holmgren, Doris Calhoun, Helen Ford, Mary Howard, Kay Swallow, Lillian Carscadden, Barbara Humphries, Margaret Sutton, Jo Kopta, Margaret Dixon.

Science Ties A League Playoff By Beating Arts

WIN SECOND GAME PLAYOFF FROM ARTS TEAM 1-0 TO TIE THE SCORE

One game behind in the playoff, the Science team played an offensive game from the face-off and were rewarded with a 1-0 triumph over the Arts Club Monday night. This was the first defeat the Arts have suffered this season. A few minutes after play started Lewis got possession of the puck inside the Arts' blue line, and wasted no time in slamming it into the net, giving Blair no chance to save.

The Arts tried hard to get an equalizer, but their plays were somewhat disorganized. The Science defence handed out some stiff body-checks, and as a result the Arts' forwards had a tendency to shoot from the blue line. Prevey stopped innumerable shots and robbed the Arts snipers several times. The Arts team went "Big League" in the last five minutes and took off the goalie, giving six forwards, but they were unable to score. Al Hall handled the bell effectively.

The lineups:
Arts—Goal, Blair; defence, Fraser, Borgal; forwards, Shipley, Brodie, JenniJohns, Darrah, Donovan, Badner.
Science—Goal, Prevey; defence, West, Parks; forwards, Robertson, Lewis, Miquelon, Millar, Morris, Gardiner.

ARTS WIN FIRST GAME OF PLAYOFF

Take Lead in A League Playoff With Win Over Science

The Arts team took a one game lead in the A League playoffs Friday by winning from the Science 1-0. Shortly after the face-off Shipley passed the puck from the corner to Fraser, who had little trouble in scoring at such a close range. There was no further scoring for the rest of the game, although Science took the offensive after this, but the Arts defence succeeded in forcing the play into the corners, and Blair was never in a tight position at any time. Science sent five men up the ice in the last few minutes, and kept the play inside the Arts' blue line, but they were unable to tie the score.

The lineups:
Science—Goal, Prevey; defence, West, Parks; forwards, Miquelon, Lewis, Robertson, Millar, Morris, Gardiner.

Arts—Goal, Blair; defence, Fraser, Borgal; forwards, Shipley, Brodie, JenniJohn, Cruickshanks, Donovan, Darrah.

CO-ED SNIPER



H. NEANDERTHALL

Who scored the co-ed goal last night.

HOCKEY COACH



AL HALL

Who got a hockey team together that should take a lot of stopping next season.

Worms For the Early Birds
It is popularly believed that "the early bird gets the worm." Nobody ever said a thing about the reward for the bird that gets his sleep. And that is exactly where the old formula falls through—it is a one-sided affair with not a particle of thought for the late birds. As a result, therefore, there is a mad scramble for the unfortunate worms, who have never been advised to remain in their hide-outs until the birds—the early ones—get sleepy and don't care if they have worms for breakfast, or just a vegetarian dinner.

But that is really not the way the old adage is to be interpreted. It really means, "First come, first served." But even under those circumstances there is no reason why some should not sleep late. As a whole, the early bird idea is all nonsense. One may as well sleep late, and take advantage of the opportunities that arrive after worms are all gone. Not everybody likes worms anyway; and then to top it all off, there is an old proverb that says all things come to him who waits.

Let the early birds get the worms until the worms get wise, but don't let them get grasshoppers and bird-seed too; eat and sleep to your heart's content even if you must use a flashlight to find what some term the good things in life.—Daily Kansan.

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QUAINT CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT BARBARIANS

By S. J. S.

At the request of The Gateway I have made certain slight historical researches into the remote past of our University with particular reference to the strange and fearful customs which once flourished here.

Before 1920 impenetrable mists obscured the view, but with the aid of ancient manuscripts written in cuneiform script, and of the senile maundings of grey-haired and withered graduates, I have managed to gather some impressions as to the more startling customs that existed here from 1920 B.C. (before the crash) to 1927, which marks the end of the period of ancient history. I reproduce these impressions for what they are worth.

As may be expected most of these usages centred around initiation. It is the unanimous opinion of the patriarchs whom I interviewed that the rite of initiation as now practised is but a pale imitation of the real thing as carried on in the days when men were men and had hair on their chests. It is their further belief that modern Freshmen would curl up and die under the treatment accorded to them (the patriarchs) when they first entered the University.

Perhaps the most spectacular feature of the ancient rite was that they lasted for two weeks, ending up with a bang on the night preceding field day, in order to prevent the Frosh competing in the athletic events of the day.

As to the actual details of initiation the ancients are a little hazy. A few of the practices of the Sophomores may be deduced from the degenerate survivors that now afflict modern wearers of the Green and Gold; thus tubbing is a faint echo of the good old days when refractory Freshmen were dropped in to the river from the high level bridge. The removal of the Frosh's hair is symbolic of the fact that when ancient Sophomores got through with a man there was nothing left but his hair. From what drab origin the custom of carrying trunks came is a little uncertain. Some authorities declare that the old-time initiators used to hurl trunks at lagging victims; others contend that the Frosh were compelled to carry trunks.

The ceremonies of the final night are no less obscure. They took place in the dark hours of the morning when no witnesses were about. The victims appear to have been bound hand and foot and compelled to wait in a freezing room for hours while one by one the pajama-clad figures stalked to their doom, walking on red-hot ploughshares, drinking strychnine, and immersion in boiling oil being among the ordeals exacted. The custom of hurling Freshies from the balcony was then in vogue, but the receiving net was not introduced until a much later date. Long spikes were used instead. Painting was also in vogue, indelible and corrosive pigments being employed and care being taken to get them in the victim's eye. It speaks well for the stamina of the boys that no less than thirty per cent. of the Freshies usually survived the ordeal. These survivors, still unweiled and smeared with fly paper, were usually compelled to do menial labor for an hour or two. On one occasion they were compelled to harvest several acres of what is supposed to have been turnips. This was to save work for the

Aggies, who are scientifically trained and hate having to bend down.

Besides the initiation practices there were other customs equally repellent. One of these was theatre night. The Empire Theatre was rented for the night. Those were the days when the theatre had a stock company and put on shows regularly, and the motley crowd of students established themselves, shouting, singing, cursing and throwing missiles at the actors. This was supposed to indicate that they had received a higher education. Such was the velocity and accuracy of the objects thrown that the company usually presented a "costume piece" which enabled them to wear armour.

The theatre performance was followed by the snake dance. The students marched along Jasper Avenue in single file, entering stores, crossing and recrossing streets, and following their leaders with extraordinary fidelity. Traffic was blocked, windows were broken, show-cases were upset and theatre performances were interrupted. Cars that refused to stop to let the procession pass had their windshields smashed and their tires sunk. Pedestrians were shoved off the sidewalks. After one of these performances the Edmonton citizenry began to sympathize with the Doukobs, who did not want education.

The snake dance appears to have been the religious rite. The snake was a symbol of a mysterious deity called "Delirium Tremens," who was, and still is, worshipped by the engineering students. The mention of engineering students brings one to consider the most spectacular of all University customs—Med Day and its sequel Med Nite.

The ancient feud between Med and Engineer blazed forth annually on this auspicious day, and thus the two species of pests were kept in check by beneficent nature. Usually the Engineers endeavoured to storm the Med Building, which was guarded by the heroic sawbones and pill-rollers. Great was the carnage. Sometimes the Meds beat back the invaders; sometimes the Engineers broke up and desecrated the abode of Hypocrites, or was it Hypocrycy who founded the science of medicine.

On one occasion one of the heroic defenders called Neptune to his aid,

This Depression

(By Even Peacock)

If we are to estimate the popularity of a word by the number of times that it is used, **depression** outstrips them all. It is defined, confined, refined, declined, and sublimed; hushed, cussed, discussed and—well, what can we do about it? We are told by some that we must face it squarely, and if it smites us on one cheek we must turn and run; others tell us that we should run first. The general attitude is to stand back and wring our hands, and hope that somehow, somebody will start the wheels going again, and then we can jump on and have a good ride, and be able to do much spending for having thus been depressed for so long. We are told that there is as much gold in the world as ever, and that there certainly isn't overproduction, that because there is plenty of food there is no need to worry, for we have long eaten too much, and that a fast for several years will do any man a lot of good. In a word depression says: "Listen—behave yourself!"

What is the cause of depressions? The cause is far-reaching. To answer this question may not guarantee work for the coming summer, but it will give us a perspective that should lead us through this period, and that is something, for it proved that "Man does not work for bread alone."

Depression is a conflict between those who have and those who have not. The **haves** pull the curtain aside and look out to get a glimpse of the **have-nots**, and from their smug quarters calmly hope that something may be done. The **have-nots** go about in rags, peering into shop windows, muttering words of discontent to themselves or one to the other.

How does it come about that there are **haves** and **have-nots**, when we are told that there is plenty for all? The answer is not that one group has saved while the other spent, one has worked while the other went bathing; one has brains and education, while the others are slow of wit. The tide of depression has crept so high upon us that only a few remain unaffected, so it is obvious either that no such distinctions are possible or that we have all been prodigal.

Prodigality may have to answer for some of our distress, but the fundamental cause of depression and every other economic ill, as well as the cause of wars which we have tumbled into is found in the fact that we do not realize that the world and everything in it belongs to all the human beings of the world, in equal proportions. A man would have to be very ill-mannered to reach across the table and take a child's breakfast porridge away from him, but if he succeeds in bringing about conditions that will cause the child to starve, he is considered a good business man. (So don't blame the Japanese too much for wanting Manchuria.)

This depression conflict reaches beyond business to another deep-

and unleashed a fire-hose. Many an Engineer sank under the flood and was wafted to the centre of thermal engineering, where all Engineers eventually go.

These combats were usually watched by a curious multitude. In 1927 the two parties suddenly combined and fell upon the onlookers. Buttons, belts and suspenders were removed, and the victims, shamed into silence, crawled toward their rooms. The warriors rushed into the Arts Building and the residences seeking whom they might devour. Arts men, Commerce, Pharmacy, were attacked, nor were the sacred persons of the prospective lawyers spared. The Med Nite was an entertainment given by the Meds at the University. The main item consisted of skits so torrid that even the co-eds blushed. It would be impossible for me to tell anything of these programs without incurring a prosecution for libel, blasphemy, sedition and lese majeste. Suffice it to say that they were so hot that the scenery caught fire. This custom too was abolished at the beginning of the modern era.

Looking back on those days, one can say that, in the words of Shakespeare, there was some guys in them days.

MOOD MONETARY

By Vox Populi

"Inflate, inflate," cry radicals, the government berating, "Prosperity has not returned, there's no use longer waiting."

"We'll stay on gold," is the reply, "Our money must be sound, And so, you see, we cannot tie our dollar to the pound." Meanwhile our bumper crops of wheat can not be sold abroad, For even what it costs us to produce it from the soil;

Our industries are languishing, the farmer cannot buy, His income has been shot to bits, his debts mount towards the sky. We can't sell manufactured goods, our factories stand still, The workers must go on relief and increase the tax bill;

And all this for the benefit of a private banking trust, Who monopolize national credit and get rich while we all bust; It seems a strange anomaly, for an enlightened nation, To suffer want and misery for want of proper inflation.

seated cause. The government is very zealous to "preserve to the future generations a share in the national heritage of forests and mines," a wise provision for those who may have to return to the simple life in trees and caves. But some thirty years ago the government of the day gave all the land worth cultivating into the hands of the railroads and farmers. The latter will continue to pass the land on in the family for generations. Just why this was done is hard to understand, unless the government thought that no younger generation would come into existence except on the farms. In a condition of this kind in former days we could

THE NIGHT I RODE THE HORSE

Ordinarily I do not ride horses. Neither does Harry, but he said this was a special occasion, and I took his word for it. That was why I took that fourth drink. I practically never take the fourth drink unless it is a special occasion. But I have great faith in Harry, and when he said this was a special occasion I took his word for it.

Then Harry took the fourth drink, and after that I rode the horse.

Harry said it would be a good idea to call on Amelia, but it wouldn't do to go in a taxi because Amelia was an old-fashioned girl, and a taxi was too crude and modern to go calling on a girl like Amelia, especially when she was a close friend of his and everything.

I said yes, and besides most of them are dirty and they smell, and Amelia is a nice clean girl.

Harry said, "When we get there we will take a bath."

I said, "All right, but how are we going to get there?"

Harry said, "If it was only winter we could buy a pair of skis, or if she only lived on a lake shore we could hire a canoe."

I said, "Yes, or swim, and then we wouldn't need to take a bath."

I said it was about three miles, and we'd need a lot of grease because there had been frost lately.

Harry said, "Five miles to where?"

I said to Bonnie Doon, and Harry said, "We can't swim to Bonnie Doon because it's pavement; we'll have to get a horse."

I said, "We can swim in the river," but Harry said, "We can't swim in the river because we'd bump into the Low Level Bridge, and besides the river is frozen."

"We'll have to get two horses," I said, and Harry said that would be putting on the dog to get two horses to go up to a quiet girl's like Amelia.

"All right," I said, "where do you get a horse?"

Harry said, "Phone your veterinarian," and I said, "I haven't got one."

Harry said, "You're a hell of an

"You catch fleas off your dog?"

"Sure."

"What do you do with them?"

"Give them back to the dog; they're his."—Hornet.

go out and scalp the Indians and take their land, but there are no Indians left. Every other source of wealth and means of livelihood have, in a similar manner, been captured by those who were fortunate enough to be born early in the race. But what heritage has a child who is born to-day, unless his fathers have been able to preserve for him an estate?

I repeat it—this world belongs to those who are in it; there is plenty for all, and what are we going to do about it? This is the problem of depression, and the solving of this problem is the way out. The have-nots say, "We are hungry"; the haves say, "Calm yourselves."

THE BULL'S EYE

Spring arrived last Saturday, followed by a touch of winter over Monday and Tuesday. So far we've been unable to find out just when summer made its usual fleeting appearance. It should be the duty of every good newspaper to appoint a reporter for the sole object of discovering on just what day summer comes.

We were pleased to see that at long last a modest sprinkling of sand was applied to the steps on the campus—now, if that could be done just every few days, it would be so much safer for pedestrians, and save the writer such a lot of trouble.

The Senior Class have fallen right in line with the recent change made in the price of dance tickets—the price will again be a dollar and a half. Perhaps this will put a stop to the antics of the Junior Class; they'll have to think of some other way of raising class funds; but in any case, it should stop a good many letters being written to The Gateway—which will be a good thing.

Once again "Three Touch" Cooper of ping-pong fame breaks into print. We must congratulate him on his success in the recent Badminton tour-

ney. Harry always had an eye for birds.

Of recent years any student who had the audacity to write on both sides of examination paper was hurled into the abyssal darkness, and joined the ranks of the also-rans, but today instructions are both sides must be used. Let's hope scrap-paper is provided.

While opinion is divided as to the virtues of Shaw's play, "Too True to be Good," nobody will deny that as entertainment it was excellent. It is so pleasant to see people move on the stage with ease, and without the wooden soldier effect so common in amateurs. Mr. Barry Jones gave a very fine performance, which will be long remembered. As usual the curtain was delayed about twenty minutes by the non-arrival of the greater (I nearly said better) part of the audience.

Not long now till the Spring Play. According to the many reports that breeze (particularly the last few days) about the halls, this year's production is going to be exceptionally good. It would be a good idea to make plans to see it.

Polite Society

By M.

Polite conversation is dead. It is a thing of the past, put away on the shelves along with the etiquette books of the days when the gentlemen wore Prince Albert coats and drooping moustaches and draped themselves gracefully, politely, around the young lady playing the piano. Yes, it is dead. For who can converse politely, converse with polish, with dignity, with finesse, when the whole conversation may be interrupted and blown to bits at any moment?

When we were young, we were told not to interrupt. "Wait until the other person is finished, my dear, and then speak." But the radio interrupts; it plunges right into the centre of things and takes—and keeps—the floor. We were told always to follow the trend of conversation and not change the subject in the middle of an interested discourse upon it unless for some good reason. But the radio does. The radio will thrust aside an animated conversation on fashion to discuss at length some obscure composer whom no one knows anything about, but in whom every one feels obliged to assume an intelligent interest; the radio will disregard entirely a serious discussion on war debts to make us listen to the raucous drawls of two or three comedians;

the radio will elbow its way into a breath-taking murder story to remind us that a certain brand of coffee does not cause sleeplessness. To return to our etiquette: we were told when we were young to keep our voices low and melodious. But the radio speaks in a voice that makes the knick-knacks dance on the piano. The radio is not polite.

But we could turn it off, you say. Of course we could, but we don't; we listen to anything rather than turn it off, even static. Turn it off! Why, we are too lazy to turn the dial, and (unless we have company and are entertaining with our radio) we will listen to anything a station cares to send us. And what they do send! Jazz which is manufactured wholesale and all comes out of the same pot like the gravy in restaurants. Fortune-tellers, telling people whose names we don't know fortunes that we do not believe for a moment to be true. Maudlin half love songs. They can only be called half-love songs because the singers are so half-hearted about it, so ready to give up the struggle; and yet love songs they must be, because they are too characterless to be anything else. Yet we listen to it all. Sooner than be alone in the room with our friends, we let the radio grind away at static for the sake of its companionability.

In conclusion of our program, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to say that the radio is one con-

executive if you can't get a veterinarian." So I looked in the phone book and found one whose name was Pops. So I phoned Mr. Pops and said, "Good evening, Mr. Pops. Is my horse ready yet?"

Mr. Pops said, "Well, sir, she might have another day yet, but she will do for just light work."

I said, "Yes, no heavy work for a week, I think," and Harry said, "Ask him for some hay." I told Mr. Pops I should call around in an hour.

When we got to the veterinary's there was a man standing out in the yard with a horse.

Mr. Pops said, "Here, you ain't Mr. Jones."

"No," I said, "my name's Peter Piper and this uncouth fellow is Robinson Crusoe."

Mr. Pops said, "What's the game?"

I said, "Mr. Jones is sick and asked us to call for the horse. We live with him."

"We're star boarders," Harry said.

Mr. Pops said, "I like to deal with my customers personally—that's what I always say."

"I knew you'd be a good upright fellow," Harry said. "I'll tell Mr. Jones what an honest man you are. He wants to get the horse to bed early tonight. He's kind-hearted like that."

So we gave him a receipt with the names of some of our enemies, and started off.

After we got a little way, Harry said, "What good is this doing us; we haven't got a harness or a wagon?"

I said, "There's the city dairy; we can trade this old horse for a new horse and wagon and some milk thrown in on top for cream."

Harry said, "I don't think Amelia will like a milk wagon, but we can have a milk bath like the movie actresses do."

So when nobody was looking we took a horse and wagon and started off at a tremendous pace.

After we had driven for quite a while, I asked Harry if we were almost there.

"I can't see very well through this little hole," Harry said.

"Why don't you get out in front?"

I said, "You're an expert with horses."

Harry said, "You're a back-seat driver, and I said, 'No, I'm a Technician.'"

When we got to Amelia's the house was dark, and I said, "I'll bet she's in bed," but Harry said, "No, she's

Times are Tuff

Contributed by B. D.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your recent, and more recent, and more recent requests to send you a cheque, I wish to inform you that the present shattered condition of my bank account makes it impossible for me to take your requests seriously.

My present financial condition is due to the effect of Dominion and provincial laws, municipal laws, country laws, corporation laws, liquor laws, traffic laws, bylaws, brother-in-laws, sister-in-laws, mother-in-laws, and outlaws, all of which have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public.

Through these laws I'm compelled to pay a business tax, sales tax, amusement tax, gas tax, excess tax, hydro tax, auto tax, and syntax.

In addition to these irritating taxes, I am forced by the strong arm of the law to get a permit for this thing and a permit for that thing. I am required to get a business license, a city license, a town license, a village license, a provincial license, a sign license, a dog license, a motor license, a radio license, a liquor license, and not to mention a marriage license.

I am also requested and required to contribute to every society and organization which the inventive genius of man is capable of bringing into life: to the Society of the Woman's Relief, the Near East Relief, the Unemployed Relief, and the Gold Digger's Home; also to the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the White Cross, the Purple Cross, the Flaming Cross, and the Double Cross.

For my safety, I am required to carry life insurance, liability insurance, burglary insurance, property insurance, damage insurance, rent insurance, fire insurance, plate glass insurance, compensation insurance, accident insurance, collision insurance, rain insurance, hail insurance and business insurance.

The government has now so governed my business that it is no easy matter for me to find out who owns it. I am inspected, expected, introspected, suspected, disrespected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded, and compelled, until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every

founded nuisance, an everlasting pest, a bete noir, a white elephant; in fact, anything that is abominable and utterly detestable. This is station MRC signing off, and when you hear the gong sounded from the clock downstairs in the hall you will know that it is exactly twenty-nine minutes past twelve, and time all good feature writers were in bed. Stand by one moment, please!

If you sleep with your money under your pillow every night, does it mean that you have enough to retire on?—The Hornet.

The young matron was the defendant in a very involved case. The prosecutor was quizzing her severely.

He—And you say you shot the burglar?

She—Yes.

He—And what became of his body?

She—The other burglar carried it away.

He—What other burglar?

She—The one I shot at, of course.

—The Hornet.

most likely up on the roof having a sun bath."

I said, "No, she's an old-fashioned girl and is in bed."

So Harry rang the door-bell for about half-an-hour, and someone stuck his head out the window and said, "Beat it!"

I said, "I think you're rude, and just for that I won't beat it."

Then a car drove up, and a uniformed man got out.

Harry said, "There must have been an accident somewhere, but I said, 'I'll bet it's the man who rings the curfew.'"

One of them said, "What are you doing here?" and I said, "We're taking a bath."

So they put us in the car and took us for a nice long ride to a big brick building.

Harry said, "I'll bet they're going to give us the keys to the city."

I said, "They must know a better bath-room."

When we got in the building they opened a big iron door and shoved us in and locked it.

Harry said, "Nice place you've got here," and I said, "You'd better write home for some bail."

EDUCATION

By Mamark

Why should we go to lectures, pray, To get our educations, Since Varsity trains us other ways, For life and world relations?

Consider first the famed Tuck Shop, For there, 'mid chat and smoke, As bright thoughts chase each other We forget that we are broke.

House Dances educate us—for With others on our toes, We learn to smile at trouble, And at pain, turn up our nose.

Dramatics give us poise and skill, Assurance—and may we Perchance see Naples ere we die, Or Joan of history.

And then the Philharmonic, in The language known to all, Inspire us—though we're in the gods Of Convocation Hall.

Dutch treats, religion, politic— These subjects all are aired, When at our fiery forum, all Their fallacies are bared.

With rugby, swimming, tennis, track, Skating and skiing—who Could well resist being healthy, though He break a limb or two?

And then we have The Gateway—to Express each student's view. I thank it for its courtesy, In bringing this to you.

known reason, desire, or hope of the human race, and simply because I refuse to donate to each and all, and to go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down, and robbed until I am nearly ruined.

I can tell you honestly that, failing a miracle, you won't be paid just now, and the only reason I am holding on to life is to see what the heck is coming next.

One—Have you heard the song of the traveller who lost his ticket?

Two—No, what is it?

One—What Good Am I Without You?—The Hornet.



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RAILWAY MAN DISCUSSES DUFF COMMISSION REPORT

(Continued from Page 1)

the hands of the public is now very large, and more than the railway can carry from its earnings even under improved conditions, sums which are required to meet deficits should be voted by Parliament annually, and not be raised by the issue of railway securities as has been done in recent years. This recommendation would not apply to capital for improvements and betterments, nor to amounts required for refunding.

A report to Parliament by the trustees should be made annually, and should set forth in a summary way the results of operations and the amounts expended on capital account, brought into comparison with the appropriations made by Parliament, so that the exact position shall be placed before Parliament. There should also be provision against diverting appropriations for capital account to cover deficits in operation, or for interest, without the express authority of Parliament.

It is recommended that a continuous audit of the accounts of the system be made by independent auditors appointed by Parliament from a list, or panel drawn up by the trustees, and they should make a report to Parliament, calling attention to any matters which, in their opinion, call for remark. In view of the report of the auditors, no examination of the detailed accounts of the system should be necessary by a parliamentary committee. For the purpose of supplying necessary information to Parliament the attendance of the trustees might, however, be necessary. In the interests of discipline, and to prevent prejudice to the relations that should prevail between trustees and the staff, it is earnestly recommended by the Commission that the officials of the company in charge of operations should not be asked to appear for examination.

While the responsibility for the direction and control of the system should be laid upon the chairman and his associate trustees, provision should be made for the post of Chief Operating Officer, with the titular rank of President. Under his care should be placed the entire working of the railway in detail. The president should be appointed by and be responsible to the trustees and not directly to the government or Parliament.

The report recommends that a statutory duty should be imposed upon the trustees, as well as upon the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway that, consistent with the provisions of the existing law and with the recommendations of this report, and with the provision of all reasonable services and facilities, they should adopt as soon as practicable such co-operative measures, plans and arrangements as shall, consistent with the proper handling of traffic, be best adapted to the removal of unnecessary or wasteful services or practices, and to the joint use and operation of all such properties as may conveniently and without undue detriment to either party, be so used.

In the event of failure to agree and for the purpose of settling disputes, and in particular disputes concerning the desirability of any co-operative measures or arrangements, and for the settling of details of any scheme to give effect thereto, and

for determining the conditions thereof, it is recommended that an arbitral tribunal should be set up for each occasion. The arbitral tribunal should be composed, first, of the Chief Commissioner of the Board of Railway Commissioners, and second, of one representative from each of the two railways. The powers of the arbitral tribunal should be capable of being invoked by either railway or by the Dominion or any provincial government.

Subject to the provisions of any statute relating to any particular railway, the arbitral tribunal shall have full jurisdiction as to measures, plans and arrangements relating to: (a) joint use of terminals; (b) running rights and joint use of tracks where there are actual or functional duplications, or where such may be avoided; (c) control and prohibition in respect to the construction of new lines and provision of facilities and additional services where no essential need of the public is involved; (d) the joint use of facilities, where this would promote economy, or permit the elimination of duplicating or unremunerative services or facilities; (e) abandonment of lines, services or facilities; (f) pooling of any part or parts of freight traffic or of passenger traffic; (g) things necessarily incidental to the above enumerated matters. It is recommended that there be no appeal from any decision of the arbitral tribunal.

It is the opinion of the Commission that aggressive competition should cease, and that the suggested board of trustees of the Canadian National Railways and the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway should formulate and agree to schemes which will permit of the working in harmony of ancillary services which are now operated competitively.

While all members of this Commission concur in these recommendations which, if carried out in letter and spirit by all concerned (the government, the public and the railways), should effect a considerable measure of relief to the taxpayers of Canada, some members would have preferred a plan which would have established a complete dissociation of the Government of Canada from the responsibilities of competitive railway management, or of any direct interest therein.

The Commissioners said: "We feel compelled, as a matter of public duty, to strike a serious note of warning to the people of Canada. Unless the country is prepared to adopt the plan we have proposed, or some other equally effective measures, to secure the efficient and economical working of both railway systems, and thereby not only reduce the burden on the Dominion treasury, but improve the financial position of the privately-owned railway, then the only course that would be left would be either to effect savings in national expenditure in other directions, or to add still further to the burdens under which the industries of the country are suffering by the imposition of yet further taxation. Failing the adoption of one or other of these courses, and there are obvious limits to their application, the very stability of the nation's finances and the financial credit of the Canadian Pacific Railway will be threatened, with serious consequences to the people of Canada and to those who have invested their savings in that railway." (Appendix, 15 pages.)

It may be that as in the case of the common carrier truck, communities will eventually have to make a choice between steam railway services and highway services, for the reason that the traffic offering will not support both these types of transportation, but these instances in the case of motor coach services will be limited. If such do arise, and it is decided by the proper provincial authorities that the railway is entitled to give the service, this decision will be made effective, not by increasing taxation on the motor coach nor through increased restrictions and regulations, but by direct refusal to issue the necessary permit for highway operations in the particular area.

It is not in the interests of the railways that taxes on motor vehicles should be so high as to be prohibitive or even restrictive. The motor truck is a necessity to transport. Freight movement to and from railway stations must take place on the highway, and industrial and agricultural development would be retarded by taxation which might be designed solely to bring about restriction of the use of motor trucks on the highways.

At the same time the trucks should pay a fair charge for the use of the right of way which is provided for them by the state, and it would seem doubtful if the scale of fees for registration in the various provinces, even when the gasoline tax is taken into consideration, does provide for a satisfactory contribution from these conveyors. In comparison with charges in many of the states of the Union, Canadian registration fees for trucks are low. Fees charged for similar vehicles in the United States were in general much higher than in Canada.

It is beyond the scope of our inquiry to deal with questions of provincial taxation, and the matter is one which must be settled between the motor transport interests and the provincial authorities. Relief to the

NOTICE

The Director of the Year Book may be found in the Evergreen and Gold office, 345 Med, from 11:30 to 1:30 o'clock, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; from 4:30 to 5, Tuesdays and Saturdays; and in the Law Library at all other hours.

ORGAN RECITAL SUNDAY, 4 P.M.

All students are notified that Mr. Nichols is giving one of his popular organ recitals next Sunday at 4 p.m. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

4.—The Problem of Money

By Lawrence Alexander

Note.—In the first three articles of this series we commented upon several of the manifestations of the present depression, pointing out some of the dangers inherent in the situation. From this point we proceed to an attempt to review some of the problems which underlie our economic difficulties.

One of the most interesting features of our present depression is the fact that there seems to be no scarcity of any of the necessities or, for the most part, of even the luxuries of a modern civilized life. In fact, this very superabundance of materials seems to be one of the chief reasons for the prolongation of hard times. The farmer can't sell his wheat (or can't get a satisfactory price for it, which amounts to about the same thing) because there is already too much unused wheat in the market; and the same holds true for almost any other commodity.

This has, of course, been said so often and in so many ways during the last few years that it seems to be losing its force through mere repetition. Nevertheless it is of fundamental importance. It is indeed of the very first importance, for it shows clearly the position of the weak link in the economic chain. Production is evidently not the place in which the system has failed. The present anomalous condition would point to distribution as the point at which failure has occurred. Unfortunately the problem is highly complicated by the presence of many factors, but the underlying problem seems to be this: that the farmer cannot sell his wheat because the worker in industry cannot buy it, this arising directly from the fact that on account of being unable to sell his wheat the farmer cannot buy any manufactured goods. We have perhaps used an over-simplified example, but an illustrative one just the same. Goods and services exist just as they did in 1929 and there is just the same demand for them; the difference is that in 1929 the means of exchanging them existed, and now is lacking, or at least seems to be lacking.

A few illustrations will serve to show to what supremely absurd lengths conditions have gone. The first illustration, that of the unemployed and the underemployed lacking food in the same country in which farmers are considering reducing wheat acreage because they cannot sell the wheat they have already produced.

railways from the inroads being made by trucks into freight earnings will come by restriction and regulation of truck traffic as distinct from taxation, and by some form of co-ordination with rail traffic.

The railway situation in Canada ten years ago was somewhat similar to that which exists at the present time. The Government found itself, through no particular fault of its own, the possessor of many thousands of miles of bankrupt railways, and something had to be done. The world was scouring for an outstanding railway executive who would bring order out of chaos and prosperity to the Government-owned lines. Sir Henry Thornton was secured, and there can be no denying that he did a lot. In three years he was unquestionably the most advertised and popular man in Canada, except with the C.P.R., and we were supposed to be suffering from sour grapes. The net results have been that his policies, concurred in by the Government of the day, have nearly, if not quite, bankrupted both the Government and the Canadian Pacific.

The report now suggests another railway dictator for the Government railways, only this time he is to be designated as Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and the Government is admonished to select a man of "financial administrative and executive ability of a high order." Might I venture to suggest that it is not a man they are looking for, but a superman, and where is he? The report suggested that parliamentarians and Government employees, past and present, were not of that calibre, by declaring them ineligible, but the Senate has recently vetoed that clause of the report as a reflection on the ability and integrity of our legislators.

Surely no living railroad man could assume such a task, as all living railroad executives have made more or less of a failure of handling their business heretofore, and it would therefore appear as if this most important post would have to be turned over to a lawyer or a banker, with little or no knowledge of actual railroad work. If he turns out to be a superman, everything will be fine.

The Canadian Pacific, as you may have noticed in the press, have not thrown up their hands and cheered. The President has appeared before the Senate to express his views, and has given addresses in Toronto and Winnipeg suggesting a different solution. The Canadian Pacific point of view may be briefly expressed by saying that we have been the leading citizen of Canada for half a century—we have spent more money on taxation, immigration and advertising and in wages and purchases than any other corporation in the country.

We have given service to the country at large of a high quality, and have handled the basic commodity of this western country at a much lower rate than it has ever been handled on land anywhere else in the world. The Duff report says: "The com-

duced, is either too tragic or too amusing (depending upon the viewpoint) to require further comment. A very interesting and significant illustration of the breakdown of the exchange system is afforded by the so-called "labor and commodity exchanges" which are springing up as if by magic throughout the United States and Canada. The theory upon which they operate is simple; men still have goods and services to exchange still want to exchange them, even if they haven't any money to do it with. So a man who is, let us say, an unemployed shoemaker registers at one of these exchanges. A farmer who grows corn but can't sell it, wants a pair of shoes. He goes to the exchange and looks up shoemakers until he finds one who is willing to make him a pair of shoes in return for a certain amount of corn. This example is, of course, somewhat elemental, and in many of these exchanges forms of scrip money are coming into use to simplify transactions, which, as may easily be seen, might become enormously involved under a system of straight barter. These barter exchanges represent a somewhat pitiful attempt to thaw out frozen assets. They are an attempt to put into action in the midst of a highly complex industrial system a type of exchange which disappeared with the Feudal system, largely because the Feudal system was based on it. They accomplish at the expense of a high degree of organization and a complicated system of bookkeeping what should and could be accomplished in a hundred times more easily by the transfer of a few slips of negotiable paper or metal known as money. We would make it clear that we do not in any way wish to deride the work these institutions are carrying on. They are undoubtedly conferring an immense benefit upon many, making it possible for them to obtain things they could not otherwise possess. What we wish to show and to show clearly is the fundamental condition which renders such institutions necessary. The situation illustrates perhaps as clearly as anything can the position and true function of money as a means of exchange. Money of itself is absolutely valueless; if tomorrow people decided to refuse to give goods and services in return for Dominion Government bills and banknotes, that money would not be worth the paper on which it is printed. The fact that these notes are (theoretically) redeemable in gold makes them valuable only because for some reason men are willing to give goods and services for gold. No form of money, not even gold, is of value in itself, and this fact which seems to have been so generally forgotten was recognized as long ago as the time of the mythical King Midas, who was threatened with starvation because he had nothing but gold; the situation of King Midas is rather strikingly like that of certain nations today. For the purposes of humanity gold stored away in vaults is little more useful than gold which has never been mined; it is when it becomes active directly or indirectly as a medium of exchange that it assumes a real value.

The importance of money in a complex society such as ours is summed up beautifully in a comment made recently by a professor at this University: "The fall of the Feudal system was in large part brought about by the influx of gold from Africa, which made it possible to pay obligations in money instead of services. Now that the gold is all going back to America no one knows what will happen." This seems to us so true that it practically sums up the whole situation. One of the chief differences between the Feudal system and our own is the static condition of the former as compared with the dynamic

pany's achievement commanded the admiration of both railway operators and the public, and has been a material factor in causing Canada to be favorably known upon three continents." And then goes on to require that we come to agreement with our competitors in all matters, and if we don't agree with them, an arbitral board will settle the matter for us. Who is that Arbitral Board? The Chairman of the Board of Railway Commissioners, one representative of the Canadian National, and one representative of the Canadian Pacific. As the C.N. and C.P. representatives had agreed to disagree before the board started to function, if they were in agreement, the matter would not come before the board—it boils down to the fact that the powers of the Chairman of the Board of Railway Commissioners have been widely extended, and he can tell us just what we have to do and what we can't do with our own property, and there is to be no appeal from his decision. I would suggest to you gentlemen that this is a very close approach to confiscation.

Chairman of the Board of Trustees: Who is he to be? Railway man? No one tainted with politics. Necessarily a lawyer or banker. Sir Henry ten years ago. At the close of the discussion various questions were put to Mr. Chown with regard to Mr. Beatty's recent address to the Canadian Club in Toronto.

Mr. Chown was tendered a vote of thanks for a most interesting and timely discussion.

IF I WERE A STAR IN THE SKIES ABOVE

By C. V. M.

If I were a star in the skies above,
Eternally destined to shine
And watch from my place in the skies above

The workings of man and of time,
Secure in my seat of seclusion,
Secure from all trouble and fears,
Removed from the world of illusion,
Immune to the passing of years,

I'd sit in my place in the skies above
And I'd look on the people below,
And I'd look on the crowded cities,
And I'd watch the millions flow,
And one by one I would view them again

As they scurry to and fro.
And I'd think to myself, "Do they know to what end?"
Do they know to what end that they go?"

"Do they know why they strive for wealth and for fame?
In the maddening rush will they pause
For a moment, to think of eternity's aim

And the goal of humanity's cause?
Do they tarry to think 'this life soon will end
Then what of the wealth they have gained;

That soon they will turn down eternity's bend
Where time is eternally chained."

I would laugh as I sat in my place in the skies
At the astonishing folly of man,
And turning, I'd sigh, relaxing my eyes
Away to the northern land.
And I'd watch for a million years or

And I'd see a little bird fly,
To sharpen its beak on a great huge rock
Miles long, miles wide and miles high.

And once for every million years
The little bird flies again.
Again it sharpens its beak and it wears
One more invisible grain.
How I'd long to tell the people at last,

When there stands no longer a rock
When so worn away, that then there has passed
One day on eternity's clock.

How paltry the petty proportions of man
Compared with the infinite space!
What limited sight of the infinite plan

quality of the latter. So long as payment had to be made in kind or by barter, so long was a man tied down to one spot on the earth's surface, to one farm or to the same Feudal lord. The services which could be given in one place might be useless elsewhere. But the advent of a vast quantity of gold and the even vaster volumes of credit which could be based upon it, made possible the mobility which we enjoy today. As soon as a man's goods and services became transformable into a medium which was acceptable more or less at a fixed value all over the world, the static society of the Feudal system was doomed. The growth of our present system dates from the introduction of power machinery, but it was only the presence of a standard medium of exchange which made its spread possible. When the medium of exchange goes wrong, the whole system of industry is thrown out of joint. The more the standard medium of exchange is discarded and direct barter methods introduced, the more nearly we approach to the ways of the Feudal system, with its "home industry" and its static condition of society.

A good deal of the difficulty encountered in the working of the monetary system arises from the mistaken conception that money of any kind, gold, silver or paper, is of the slightest value in itself. It is the willingness of people to give value of some kind for it that makes money worth something. This fact is of importance when we come to consider the somewhat involved problem of the creation of credit, the immense expansion of which has made possible much of our industrial development, and the withdrawal of which is capable of bringing about the industrial system's downfall.

The entire problem connected with the monetary system and its workings is a highly involved one, and is complicated by the presence of other factors; without a consideration of the problems of debt, credit, etc., a discussion of the monetary system would be very incomplete, and it is to a review of these that we hope to proceed in another article.

That I hold in my vision's embrace!
How short are the years till the yawning jaws
Of death shall render them mute!
Their brilliant careers but an infinite pause
As the flash of a light or the note of a flute.

Then why do they scurry and scamper and rush,
The slaves of their selfish ambition,
When the deathly sweep, of that ghostly hush,
May erase them from mortal condition?

And what will avail the power and fame
For which they gave peace and contentment?
The wealth is a loss that once was a gain,
If they leave it behind in resentment.

Their one only gain is that which they gave.
Their loss is that which they hoarded.
Then why do they hoard from the crib to the grave?
To magnify losses recorded?

They have for their credit the hearts
By their self-denial for others, that were warmed
Their loss is the deeds, in greed they performed,
To gain by the loss of their brothers.

"Ah fools," I would say as I viewed them again,
The floundering masses below,
"You're gain is but loss and your loss is a gain
Yet your minds are too feeble to know,
That striving, contriving, from morning till dusk
Through the course of your limited years,
Ye are leaving the grain, while reaping the husk,
To perish with selfish careers."

SEZ ME

(Continued from Page 3)

the period he talks about, but usually played upon the instruments it was composed for, by means of phonograph records especially imported from the Old Country for the purpose. Readers of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan literature have read about the lute, the viol, and the virginal. But did you ever hear them played? You have, if you have been listening to Mr. Barford's talks. While Bach's Fugues actually become interesting when played on the clavichord as they were written for. (Fugues themselves become interesting after Mr. Barford has explained them.) And the peculiar tinkling sound of the harpsichord, especially delightful in an Air and Variations for Violin and Harpsichord, composed in Italy in the 17th Century.

So if you haven't heard him yet, listen in to CKUA next Sunday (or to CFCN) at 5:00 o'clock, and you will be a confirmed listener. The station has received all sorts of letters from listeners who tell how they have put that hour down on their time-table as a must-not-be-missed program, and no wonder.

GRADUATING SENIORS

The dead-line for payment of fees is Feb. 11. It will be impossible to include in the Evergreen and Gold the pictures of those who have not paid by that time. Fees can be paid to any member of the Executive, or in the basement of the Arts Building, Sat., Feb. 11, 9:00-10:30 a.m.

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